
उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise ! awake ! and stop not till the goal is reached !

Katha. Upa. I. iii. IV.

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

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Vol. III.

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Amarnath,.....Sister Nivedita.

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Editorial Section:—The Coming Man.

SUPPLEMENT TO
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~~~~~  
JUST PUBLISHED.

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**PADMAVATI CHARITRAM**

A STORY OF THE TAMIL COUNTRY.

(IN TAMIL)

**BOOK I.**

BY

**A. MADHAVIAH, B. A.,**

*Of the Salt, Abkari and Customs Department, Madras.*

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பத்மாவதி சரித்திரம்,

ஒரு தமிழ்நாட்டுக் கதை.

முதற்பாகம்.

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அ. மாதவய்யால்

இயற்றப்பட்டது.

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## SPECIMEN PAGE.

மறுபடியும் சேஷையரையே காண்பித்தார். இதற்குள் வஞ்சாவின் புருஷன், சேஷையருக்குப் பத்து வயதுக்கு இளையவராயுள்ளவர், வந்துவிட்டார். அவர் அவ்வூரில் யாவரிலும் பொல்லாதவம்பர். கடைசியில் வாத்தியார் உண்மை சொல்லுகிறாரென்று அறிந்து எல்லாரும் அவரைத் திட்டத் தொடங்கினார்கள். சிலர் 'கிழட்டுப் பிணத்துக்குக்கலியாணமென்ன?' என்றும் சிலர் 'அப்பக்கதுப் பனுக்கு ஆம்படையாளேது?' என்றும், சிலர் 'தொந்திவயத்தானுக்குச் சொகுசான பெண்டாட்டி'; யென்றும், சிலர் 'மாப்பிள்ளை சொக்காவைப்பார், ஆலிபூதத்துக்குப் போடலாம்' என்றும், சிலர் 'மாப்பிள்ளை குடுமியைத் தட்டி முடியச்சொல்', என்றும் இன்னுஞ்சிலர் 'மாப்பிள்ளை வெள்ளிமயிரினால் பெண்ணுக்கு மிஞ்சிசெய்யலாம்' என்றும் கேலிபண்ணத் தொடங்கினார்கள். பெண்ணோ, ஒரு மூலையிற்படுத்து விம்மி விம்மி யழுது கொண்டிருந்தாள். சேஷையர், மிகவும் வெட்கம் அடைந்து, உடலெல்லாம் மானத்தாற் குன்றிப் போய்க், கண்ணீர்ததும்பா நிற்கத், தலைகவிழ்ந்து கொண்டு, கன்னமுங்கையுமாய்க், குரங்கு சாகக் கொடுத்த ஆண்டி போலுட்காந்திருந்தார். கொஞ்ச நேரத்துக்குப்பின் ஐயாச்சாமி வாத்தியாரும் அப்பெண்ணின் தகப்பனாரும் தனிமையாய் வீட்டுநடைக்குட் போயிருந்து பேசத்தொடங்கினார்கள். அவர்கள் வெகு நேரம்வரை யப்படிப்பேசிக்கொண்டிருக்க, சேஷையர் வீட்டு வெளித்திண்ணையிலேயே பெருமூச் செறிந்து கொண்டு இருந்தார்.

முடிவில் வாத்தியார் வெளியே வந்து "பண்ணையர்வர்களே! உள்ளேவாருங்கள்." என்று கூப்பிடச், சேஷை

## OPINIONS.

THE HONORABLE MR. JUSTICE SUBRAMANIA AIYAR, C. I. E.:—"I am much obliged to you for a copy of the interesting Tamil Novel "Patmavati Charitram" which you sent to me."

DEWAN BAHADUR S. SREENIVASA RAGAVA AIYENGAR, C. I. E.:—"I thank you for having so kindly sent to me a copy of the "1st volume Patmavati Charitram" by MR. A. Madavaiah."

DEWAN SIR K. SESHADRI AIYAR, B.A., B.L., K. C. S. I. "I thank you for the volume of "Padmavati Charitram" which you have kindly sent to me and say that it gives me much pleasure to go through it as there are so few Tamil Novels published."

MR. K. C. B. KUMARAKALU SINGH MUDALIAR, Tamil Intrepretor to H. E. The Governor of Ceylon:—"I have read with much interest Patmavati Charitaram Book I published by Messrs T. S. Subramania & Co., of Palghat. The story is instructive and well constructed, and the get up of the book reflects great credit on the publishers. There is a great need of prose literature of a wholesome character and I hope the readiness of Messrs. T. S. Subramania & Co., to supply the need will meet with the encouragement they deserve."

MR. E. W. SENNATHA RAJA, BARRISTER COLOMBO :—"I am much obliged to you for sending me the 1st part of the Tamil Novel called "Patmavati Charitram." I took it up with considerable interest, as I felt curious to know the habits, customs, manners and modes of thinking prevalent among the Tamils of Southren India, from whom we have been separated at least fifteen centuries ago. Mr. Madavaiah, the author deserves great credit for the manner in which he has so far worked up the story. The scenes of domestic life portrayed by the author seems to be life-like, and are highly interesting to us who live at such a distance. The language is simple, the style clear and terse the tone of morality elevated and on the whole, the book is a very interesting attempt at introducing into Tamil the light literature which seems to be the chief intellectual food which the vast mass of the people in Europeans countries relish."

Copy of a letter addressed to the author by the HONORABLE MR. P. COMARASWAMY, COLOMBO :—

"I am much obliged to you for sending me book I of your Patmavati Charitram." I have read it with great pleasure and as a Tamil I feel that you deserve the thanks of us all for writing a book which is so interesting.

## பத்மாவதி சரித்திரத்தைப்பற்றி

### பத்திரிகைகளின் அபிப்பிராயம்.

இப்பெரிய புத்தகத்தின் முதற்பாகமானது பாலகாட்டிலுள்ள டி. எஸ். சுப்பிரமணிய அண்டு கம்பினியாரால் எழுதி பார்வைக்கி அனுப்பப்பட்டது. இதை இயற்றியவர் அ. மாதவையர், பி. எ., அவர்கள். இவர் முன்பே இங்கிலீஷில் மன்மத தகனம் முதலிய கவிதகளை இயற்றிய

வர். அவை கிருஸ்ந்நியன் காலேஜ் மகஜின் என்னும் இங்கிலீஷ் மாஸாந்திர கஞ்சிகையில் பிறசுறிக்கப்பட்டபொழுது அய்யரவர்களுடைய மனோசக்தி முதன முதல் வெளிப்பட்டது. இப்பத்மாவதி சரித்திரமானது ஒரு தமிழ் நாட்டுக்கதை. இங்கிலீஷில் நாவல் என்னும் கதையை அனுசரித்து எழுதப்பட்டு பிராமணகுடும்ப விவகாரங்களை நன்குணர்த்துவதா யிருக்கின்றது. முக்கியமாய் உபாத்தியாயர் லக்ஷணத்தைப்பற்றிய உபன்னியாஸமும் ஸங்கீதத்தைப்பற்றி, இக்கதா புருஷர்களாகிய கோபாலன் நாராயணன் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர் இவர்களுக்கு நடந்த சம்பாஷணையும் ஆதிமுதல் சாவித்திரியின் குணவர்ணனமும், அவள் வைதவ்வியம்டைந்த பின்னாற் பரிதாப நிலையைப்பற்றி சொல்பாடமும் மிகவும் நன்றாய் எழுதப்பட்டு இருக்கின்றது என்பது எமது அபிப்பிராயம். இதின் விலை அரை 12 நன்றாய் அச்சு இடப்பட்டிருக்கின்றது.—ஆரியஜனப்பிரியன், சென்னை.

2. இந்த சரித்திரம் ம-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ, மாதவய்யரால் செய்யப்பட்டது. தமிழில் வசனகாவியங்கள் குறவாயிருப்பதை யொற்று மாதவய்யர் அவர்கள் இன்னுலை செய்து தமிழ் பாஷையை பெறுமைப்படுத்தின விஷயமாயும் இப்புத்தகத்தை அன்புசார்ந்து பாலகாட்டு டி. எஸ். சுப்பிரமணிய அண்டு கம்பினியார் எமக்கு அனுப்பிய விஷயமாயும் மிகுந்த குதூஹலமடகரேம்.—லோகோபகாரி, சென்னை.

3. சென்னப்பட்டணம் மாதவய்யர், பி. எ., அவர்களால் இயற்றப்பட்ட இச்சரித்திர தூலின் முதற்பாகத்தைப் பெற்றோம். இன்னால் இங்கிலீஷிலுள்ள ஒரு கட்டுக்கதையின் போக்கை அனுசரித்து அதற்கு இசைய எழுதப்பட்ட ஒரு தமிழ்நாட்டுக்கதை. இது விசேஷமாய் பிராமணகுடும்ப விவகாரங்களை நன்குணர்த்துவதோடு



ஆச்சரிய விசேடலக்ஷணம் சங்கீதத்தைப்பற்றி இக்கதா தலைவராகிய கோபாலன் நாராயணன் தமிழ் பண்டிதர் இவர்களுக்கிடையில் நடந்த சல்லாப மாதவயவற்றை குறிக்கின்றது.—Morning Star, Jaffna.

4. இது சென்னை ம-ந-ந-ஸீ, அ. மாதவய்யர் அவர்களால் இயற்றப்பட்டது. வாசிக்க மிகவும் உசிதமானது. இதில் எமக்கு அனுப்பிய பிறதியை மிக மகிழ்வுடன் ஏற்றோம்.—Hindu Organ, Jaffna.

5. பத்மாவதி சரித்திரம் என்ற ஒரு தமிழ் நாட்டுக் கதை முதற் பாகம் வரப்பெற்றோம். இப்புத்தகம் மிகச் சிறந்த அலங்காரமாய் அனேகப் பழமொழிகளை மாலையாக அணிந்து சிலமதுறமான காவியங்களை உள்ளடக்கி திருஷ்டாந்தமாகக்காட்டி அங்கும் இங்கும் சம்பாஷணை சொற்களையும் குறிப்பித்து சிறுவர் சிறுமிகளுக்கு எளிதில் படித்தரியும்படியான தமிழ் நடைபிலுள்ளது. இப்புத்தகத்தை விலைகொடுத்து வாங்கிவாசித்தால் தெரியவரும். இச்சரித்திரத்திற்கு கதானாயகற்கள் தென் தேசத்தில் சிறப்புற்று பாண்டியநாள் முதல் பேர்விளங்கிய பாண்டிய நாட்டைச் சேர்ந்த சிறுகுளம் என்ற ஊரில் வாழ்ந்த சீதாபதி அய்யர் நாராயணன் பத்மாவதி சாஸ்திரி ஆகியவர்கள்.—ஸஜ்ஜனபத்திரிகா, நாகப்பட்டணம்.

The Padmavati Charitram is perhaps the first Tamil contribution towards high class vernacular fiction in Tamil India. We are aware of the existence of works of fiction in Bengalese, Malayalam, Hindi, and telugu, but this is the first Tamil Novel thoroughly modern in its nature. The very get up of the book, neat, handy, and pretty is modern

—it is well printed and on good paper. Even the style is modern, for it is not the Tamil of the great masters, nor colloquial either. It is a style for the million ;.....The story is interesting, instructive well told in good language, and tastefully presented.”—The Ceylon Independent, Colombo.

Patmavati Charitaram, is a Tamil Novel by Mr. A. Madavaiah, B.A., a copy of which has been kindly presented to us by the well known firm of Messrs. T. S. Subramania & Co., Palghat. The book is excellent Tamil, the plot has been very intelligently conceived, and the get up is all that may be desired. With these high recommendations, the book is only moderately priced at twelve annas a copy.”—Arayala Bala Bodini.

Patmavati Charitaram, by Mr. A. Madavaiah B.A., is a new Tamil Novel, published by Messrs. T. S. Subramania, & Co., Palghat. In it Savitri's part is truly pathetic. The style is simple. Most of the characters are apparently biographic and historical. We heartily recommend the novel to the readers of the Tamil, especially to the proverbial betterhalf.—ஞானபோதினி.

Padmavati Charitram, is entitled to a decent position, not only among Tamil Novels that have yet appeared, but also among English ones of the same kind. In point of plot and characterisation the work must be pronounced a success. The situations are generally well-chosen and particularly the scene wherein the unworthy husband of Savitri appears for the last time and rushes to meet his fate, is managed with considerable skill. The style is usually dignified and free from pedantry. There is no sign of diffuseness or langour and some of the descriptions are done with

great skill. On the whole we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a decided success and no reader will grudge to spend a few pleasant and profitable hours over it. The get up is good and tasteful."—**The Awakened India.**

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ஆனரபில் மிஸ்டர் ஜஸ்டிஸ் சுப்ரமணிய அய்யரவர்கள் தமிழ்பாழையில் பேர்போன ராஃபகதூர் C. W. தாமோதரம்பிள்ளையவர்கள் B. A. B. L. இவ்விரு கனவான்களும் இதைப்பற்றி மிகச்சிலாகித்து பேசி யிருக்கின்றார்கள்.

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போஸ்டேஜ் அன்னியில் இதன்விலை அனா 12 கன சீக்கிரமாக விலையாகிறது. மோரீசு, சிங்கப்பூர், நேட்டால் ஆப்பிரிகா இவ்விடங்களுக்கு போஸ்டேஜ் உள்பட விலை ரூ 1-4-0. வேண்டுமோர்கள் அடியிற்கண்ட விலாசத்திற்கு எழுதிப் பெற்றுக் கொள்ளவும்.

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சுப்பிரமணிய அய்யர் அண்டு கம்பெனி,

புக்ஸெல்லர்ஸ், பாலகாட்,

மதுராஸ் ராஜதானி, இந்தியா.

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# P R A B U D D H A    B H A R A T A

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## AMARNATH.

### I.

High amongst the Western Himalayas, close to the borders of Ladakh, lies the long glacial gorge in which is the famous Cave of Amarnath.

The journey thither, that brings the worshipper to make his darsana on the day of the first full moon in August, is now one of the best known and holiest pilgrimages in India.

It was on Tuesday, the second of August of this year, that some two or three thousand persons,—including Sadhus of all orders from the length and breadth of the country, reached the shrine, to pay the accustomed worship.

Starting from Islamabad, eight days before, the procession passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Asia is the cradle of nomad races, but the ease with which a canvas town springs up, bazaar and all, in the course of half-an-hour at each resting-place, is always somewhat astonishing to Western eyes. We look at the gay sight,—tents of yellow cloth, and tents of white, tents of all shapes and sizes, every kind of costume and turban, the glow of countless cooking-fires, scarlet palanquin-tops, and groups of Sanyasins and Yogis in their various garbs,—and we please ourselves with the fancy that this is a recurring memorial of a long-past age, that once more the Aryan hosts are on the march, and that through all the centuries, as now, religion has been the overmastering passion of the race. Perhaps the most impressive moment however is at night-fall, when torches strive to illumine the blackness, or in the moon-light,



or best of all, at two or three in the morning, when sleepers stir, and tents are struck, and the great caravan finds itself once more on the move.

At Bawan, the first stopping-place, there are sacred springs, and the reflection of light in the water is very fine.

At Eismukkam, the next halt is made, and on the third day of the pilgrimage, Pablgam is reached. Here, at the foot of an arrow-shaped ravine, beside the roaring torrent of the Lidar, and under the solemn shadow of the mountain-firs, the party spends the eleventh day of the lunar month. The spot is superb in its wild loveliness, and the same grandeur of water and pine-trees is present at Chandanawara, the fourth stage.

After this come two tremendous ascents, and the pilgrims are out of the region of plentiful fuel, and in the cold of the greater altitudes, once for all. Last winter has been unusually mild in Kashmir, and the journey is easier in consequence. It is said that ice and snow generally extend as low as Chandanawara, and make travelling very difficult.

The pilgrims go steadily upwards, the whole of the fifth morning, till at last the source of the Lidar lies, in the half melted waters of the Sheshanag, five hundred feet below them. The scene is cold, and bleak, and stormy: mountain peaks of snow, in two or three directions, are visible; on a ridge behind, the tent-coolies stand out like a company of spearmen against the sky; and the terrible barren beauty of the place sends a shiver through the soul.

That night for the first time silence is made perfect. No more the rushing torrent casts a veil of music over the whispers of the pines. Here is indeed a river, but hushed in an icy cradle at our feet. Trees with their murmurs, are far below. High behind us rises the moon, almost at the full, and the scarred peaks become pure white as they reflect her radiance. Nowhere is the blue of the midnight sky so deep. Night utters her voice on the mountain-tops, and her words are the ineffable silence of the stars speaking with the snows.

On amongst frost-bound peaks and glaciers winds the procession next day, stopping after some eight miles' march, at Panjitarini, the Place

of the Five Streams. Here, in ancient times, the action of ice left a pebbly beach across the floor of the valley: now, the ice ceases higher up, but the river which issues from it, gives off four smaller rivulets, which meander over the shingle, and join the main flood again at the lower end.

There are then five ablutions to be performed in crossing this small space, and in spite of the intense cold, men, women, and children go faithfully through the ceremony, passing from stream to stream with wet garments clinging to their shivering forms. But already on the high bank, tents are being pitched, fires of juniper are blazing, and preparations are in full swing for the midday meal.

We are to-day some hundreds of feet below Sheshanag: to get here many a chill torrent has had to be forded, and once at least we have risen to the height, where the snowpeaks hold awful festival amongst themselves, not pausing even to notice this sudden irruption into their midst of the bumptious insect, man.

The road for the last three stages has been little more than a sheep-track, a certain danger has attended each step forward, but so far, the absence of ice has been in our favour, and only one serious accident has occurred. In the remaining division of the journey, the mildness of the year adds to its hardships.

There are usually three roads from Panjitarini to Amarnath: of these, one is rendered impassable by the disappearance of ice bridges: the difficulty of another is enhanced indefinitely from the same cause: and the third is so steep and arduous, that only those anxious to throw away their lives, would be consistent in attempting it. The second is the way that we must take.

And now the great morning has—not yet dawned indeed, for it wants an hour or so to the full moon; but midnight is past, calls sound from tent to tent in the darkness, the pilgrims set out one by one from the camp,—to-day we shall reach Amarnath.

Down the valley we go, and the road is dangerous enough. The cold is bitter, but dry and exhilarating, and between sunrise and moon-

setting, the procession winds on, fathers carrying babies, men and women, old as well as young, Sadhus of both sexes in the thinnest garments, Yogis clad only in ashes, and others without even that protection. but all in breathless anxiety to reach the goal.

There is a terrible hour or two,—first of climbing and then of descent—in which one false step would mean instant death, and then we are on the glacier: the snow gives firm foothold, and in the distance yonder, the sun pours down on tumultuous crowds of pilgrims, some bathing in the river, some shouting for joy, as they enter the sacred precincts of the cave, while far away to the head of the gorge, a single peak, covered with newly-fallen snow, watches over the whole in awful consciousness of purity.

## II.

Some party of wandering shepherds, driving their cattle down the glacier at its foot, in those long summer days when time and distance matter little, must have been the first to light on the great Cave of Amarnath.

Or perhaps—for the spot is far indeed from the  
and no tradition lingers about the country-side, to tell the tale of the wondrous finding,—perhaps it was some solitary herdsman who found himself and his flocks in the gorge in the heat of the noonday, and turning into the cavern for coolness and refreshment, was startled by the presence of the Lord Himself. For there, in a central niche within the vast cathedral, the roof itself dropping offerings of water over It, and the very walls crusted with white powder for Its worship, stood the Shiva-Lingam in clear white ice. Stood, as It must have stood for centuries, all unseen of mortal eyes, as It stands to-day, here, at the very heart of the Himalayas, in this, the secret place of the Most High.

How did he act, we wonder, this simple peasant of our fancy?

Had he the gift of vision to know Him, white like camphor, Who sits lost in eternal meditation, while the Ganges struggles to free herself



from the coils of His matted hair, and all the needy and despised of earth find refuge at His feet?

Or was his, perchance, that other rapture, to look down the long vista of the years, and hear the many voices of the pilgrims singing, as in the travel-song of another Eastern people:—

“Lo! now thou that art builded as a city that is compact together, whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. Pray for the peace of God's dwelling-place: they shall prosper, that love thee?”

Some one at least, with eyes to see must have knelt there, ere the legend was whispered amongst the cowherds in the valley, and they began the custom that has grown to such mighty proportion since, of making *darsana* at the shrine of Amarnath.

The “Shiva Om”! now sounds there from far and near, and this year the white doves of Shiva flew over the heads of at least one worshipper from Cape Comorin, and another from the distant islands of the sea.

All that is strong, all that is noble, in the heart of man finds acceptance and response in that austere vision of God that is worshipped here. Surely no race ever conceived for itself a myth grander than this of Shiva and Uma.

The sweet memories of childhood speaking this name of God can waken in the heart of His worshipper no note that is not of the highest. Breeding ever in eternal silence amongst snow-clad Himalayas, there is in Him no trace of wrath, or of the meaner passions of humanity. The asceticism of the pilgrim, the heroism of the hero, the self-sacrifice of the willing victim,—these are the roads by which men draw near to Him, and such only the praise that they may utter in His Presence.

And they do praise. This people, silent in all else, is expressive in devotion. The surging throng, fills the cave with song and movement. But through it all and over it all, amidst the multitude of voices, and the strangeness of the tongues, there rings that daily prayer of His devotees,

that most beautiful of all the world's cries to the Eternal:—

“ From the Unreal lead us to the Real,  
From Darkness lead us unto Light,  
From Death lead us to Immortality.  
Reach us through and through ourself,  
And, Oh! Thou terrible One, protect us ever  
From Ignorance, with Thy sweet compassionate Face.’ ”

NIVEDITA.

\* \* \*  
WHO IS THE INFIDEL ?

Who is the Infidel ? 'Tis he  
Who deems man's thought should not be free,  
Who'd veil truth's faintest ray of light  
From breaking on the human sight;  
'Tis he who purposes to bind  
The slightest fetter on the mind,  
Who fears lest wreck and wrong be wrought,  
To leave man loose with his own thought;  
Who, in the clash of brain with brain,  
Is fearful lest the truth be slain.  
That wrong may win and right may flee—  
This is the Infidel. 'Tis he.  
Who is the Infidel ? 'Tis he  
Who puts a bound on what may be ;  
Who fears time's upward slope shall end  
On some far summit—and descend;  
Who trembles lest the long borne light,  
Far-seen shall lose itself in night;  
Who doubts that life shall rise from death,  
When the old order perisheth;  
That all God's spaces may be cross't  
And not a single soul be lost —  
Who doubts all this, who'er he be,  
This is the Infidel. 'Tis he.

ARENA.

\* \* \*

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break—  
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held, we fall to rise—are baffled to fight better—  
Sleep to wake,

Browning.

## KEEP THE TRUTH AND TRUTH WILL KEEP YOU.

( *Continued from page 28* )

Inscrutable are the ways of Providence, and still more inexplicable are the laws which guide the actions of man, so that very often unable to explain things in their proper light we take shelter under superstitions. But superstition, chance, or coincidence, whatever it might have been, it so happened that since the day the good King brought the image of Alakshmi, and found a place for her in his palace, there began to appear many inauspicious signs in Nature, and diseases in various forms broke out in different parts of the country, which made the whole population apprehend some great calamity.

The wise and the old began to whisper many unpleasant things among themselves; they said:— “ Indeed the Raja did not do well to purchase the idol of Alakshmi, and it must have been in an evil moment that he brought the image into the palace. Really it was just as if driving the goddess of fortune away with insult and welcoming that of misfortune with reverence, mother Lakshmi must have got angry with the raj, and these were all the results of her wrath.” But as a lover of truth our Raja could not do otherwise than he had done and now patiently submitted to his fate.

In fact our king was not very much depressed and was quite mindful of what he considered to be his duties. One night when he was about to set out in disguise in his nocturnal rounds, like the rulers of the olden times, to see for himself the true condition of his subjects, both physical and mental, he chanced to hear sobs and moans proceeding from inside a garden close by. Cautiously he made his way right over the fences and through groves of trees until he came in sight of a large well-built temple. And there at the temple-door his anxious eyes alighted upon the form of a lady—chasing the darkness of the place around with the rays of soft effulgent light which issued from her person—weeping piteously. Astonished beyond measure the King gently approached the form and with deep rever-



ence said:—"Mother! may I ask who you are and why you are alone here in the dead of night and in such a state of unhappiness? You do not seem to be of this earth, and if there be no harm in speaking to me of the cause of your sorrow I will spare nothing to remove it." The lady who recognized the King but did not express it outwardly, softly replied: "My son, may peace be with you! You are right in your conjecture. I do not belong to this earth. I am Raj Lakshmi, the Goddess of fortune of this kingdom: I love this King as my son. But he brought into the palace the other day the Goddess of misfortune with his own hands. Now where misfortune resides, fortune cannot rest. We two can not live together: I shall have to leave this place and therefore I am unhappy."

It was a deep dark night: stillness and sublimity were all around, and there was none to watch that sombre beauty, except one who was restlessly moving to and fro in front of the palace gate. He remained long in this state, when suddenly he heard the sound of footsteps within the gate. He paused, and espied a very handsome lady coming out of the palace with measured gait, as if moving with difficulty. She saw the Raja at the gate and burst into tears, but the King did not appear to be much moved by them. He prostrated before the Goddess of fortune and said: "Mother! bless me, that I may keep the truth." She could not speak but shook her head and departed. Presently there came out another figure of unparalleled beauty, and the surprised king bowing to him, humbly enquired as to his identity. He seemed to be very kind, and with deep sympathy looked at the Raja and said:—"Dear Raja! I am Narayana the God of your family, which is my favorite home. I am exceedingly sorry to have to leave this place. For wherever Lakshmi goes, I have to follow." The Raja spoke not a word, but prostrated himself as before and only prayed that he might be blessed with the power of keeping his word. When Narayana had not gone very far there appeared on the scene another person,—the image of purity, throwing a halo of spirituality all around. The Raja, whose interest has been growing keener every moment, saluted the personage with due deference, and asked who he was, to which he

calmly replied: "I am Dharma the truth—a constant companion of Narayana the God. I can not remain without him and therefore am wending my way to where he has gone. Here the Raja could not suppress his feelings any longer, but with tears in his eyes began to address him thus:— "How is it, O Lord ! that you too are going to leave me? Looking up to you alone I dared to bring the idol of Alakshmi home! It was not improper that mother Lakshmi should forsake me, and with her Narayana: I can have no reasonable complaints against them. But how can you abandon one who sacrificed every thing for your sake? I bear all these calamities for you only, and would it be right for you to desert me?" Dharma, who had been listening to the words of the Raja with attention, seemed to be so much struck and ashamed, that he immediately retraced his steps within the palace, to live there for ever.

Who can say what strength resides in the words of one who maintains the truth?—Then after a short time when Narayana looked back, and could not find Dharma following him, he returned to the palace gate, and asked the Raja if he had seen any one going out after him. On the Raja relating all that passed between him and Dharma, Narayana, said: "Noble king ! By winning Dharma you have also captivated me. I am the shadow of Truth", and went back to his place in the palace to the great satisfaction of the Raja. But the joy of the Raja knew no bounds, when he saw to his infinite delight the Goddess of fortune—the mother Lakshmi returning and following Narayana !—because, as she said, it was impossible for her to exist without the company of Narayana. So they all entered the palace again, and peace and prosperity were once more restored throughout the kingdom. Thus the Raja keeping the truth was saved from the very jaws of ruin. Verily it is said in our scripture

**धर्मो एव हतो हन्ति धर्मो रक्षति रक्षितः तस्माद्धर्मो न हन्तव्यः**

Dharma the truth being destroyed destroys every thing, and preserved-preserves every thing, therefore Dharma should not be destroyed.



## EDITORIAL SECTION.

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### THE COMING MAN.

Can rules or tutors educate  
The semigod whom we await ?  
He must be musical,  
Tremulous, impressional,  
Alive to gentle influence  
Of landscape and of sky,  
And tender to the spirit-touch  
Of man's or maiden's eye:  
But to his native centre fast,  
Shall into Future fuse the Past,  
And the world's flowing fates  
In his own mould recast.

EMERSON.

“ Whenever there is a subsidence of spirituality and ascendancy of materialism, I produce myself,” says the Lord in the Gita. The process is thus described in the Puranas: When on earth the burden of materialistic thought becomes too heavy, the presiding deities of the Law of Karma, Brahma, Indra, &c., repair to the banks of the Milk Ocean, in the waters of which resides the Great Narayana unmanifest, and sing hymns in his praise and pray to him that he may come down once more and set matters right on the earth. Their prayer, perhaps combined with also that of the world, has the effect of making Narayana assume a form and incarnate on the earth to restore the broken harmony once again.

By a law of Psychological Science, the significance of which has just begun to be fully investigated and recognised in the West, each man more or less, and particularly a great man, is the product of the thoughts and aspirations of his time. The great reformer or the great educator, whether of individuals, or of societies, is called forth into existence by an intense desire in the collective mind of the particular section of humanity where his work lies. A wave of yearning for a new state of things (probably mostly subconscious) rises in the general mind and the result is the



creation of an instrument, who gives a definite shape to the want and paves the way for its fulfilment.

In Eastern Psychology which holds the theory of reincarnation as an axiomatic truth, a fuller detail of this process is obtained. It is stated that like rain drops affected by the atmospheric dust on their downward course, highly developed souls ready to reincarnate are magnetised by the current of thought then prevailing in the psychic atmosphere, and so imbibe the tendencies of thought and work,—take in the seeds,—which develop and grow with the growth of his body and life on the earth. The more unselfish and spotless the mental condition of the reincarnating unit, the more impressed is it by the reigning thought in the collective mind and the more perfect and enduring are the effects of works done by it. It is needless to point out that this colouring and impression would become still more strong if an affinity existed between the collective and individual mental conditions, which however is not unoften the case.

It is further held that not only individuals bound for reincarnation are thus affected and ingrained with duties and made naturally fitted and adapted to them, but souls who have gone beyond the chain of reincarnation, but not yet reduced to their own essential stuff fully and completely, are sometimes brought down on the earth, by this same will of collective humanity. These are the great world-movers, and are regarded as the saviours of mankind.

There is a third theory still, which holds that the greatest of these avatars or incarnations of God, as they are called, are not incarnations of mere perfected men, but of the omnipresent Divinity itself, which, being furnished with a psychic body in the sheath of desires of the collective mind, is naturally reflected in that body, which produces a new ego and an incarnating agent to the world.

It is beyond our purpose, just now, to sift and examine all these different theories or enter into a more detailed consideration of them; what is aimed here to be made clear is, that it is a recog-

nised principle running through the whole system of Indian thought, that each cycle of thought and life is ushered in by a great master, who himself is the product of the thoughts and aspirations of the time contemporary to or immediately preceding him,—an instrument which these latter create for their own fulfilment. This principle is no doubt presented for the most part in that ornate and extravagant language which is characteristic of the Oriental imagination; but nevertheless it requires no great insight to find out that *it is there*, whole and perfect.

One of the most universally accepted principles of scientific thought is that of going from the known to the unknown;—judging of the coming by the light of that which has already come. And if we are at all to anticipate with any degree of precision the nature of the work which the Coming Man will have before him, and the lines along which he will probably do it, we must have to very carefully study the signs of the time in which we live, as well as of that which has just passed away. We must have to find out, for instance, which way the wind of the best aspirations and hopes of the nation had been blowing in the immediate past and whether it produced any visible result. If it did, *i. e.*, if it was intense and strong enough to create an instrument for its work of fruition in obedience to the universal law of thought mentioned above ( para 2 ), we have to determine the nature of that work and the lines on which it was done, and by the light of these considerations alone we should be able to find out what we seek.

What was the state of the whole Hindu society, so far as its spiritual side was concerned, a few decades ago?—is then the question which comes up for consideration first of all.

It could not have been more than thirty years ago, when the stream of the Sanatan Dharma appeared choked up with the rank vegetation of materialism: sects had grown up by the millions, each one trying to excel the others by removing itself more and more from the realm of the spirit; hatred and lust gilded over by



a few religious ceremonies passed by the holy names of devotion and love; there was no flow visible on the surface but Hindu religious life and thought stood as a stagnant pool breeding vilest corruptions in the name of spirituality, till their stench and poison, settled down and threatened to contaminate the strong current flowing underneath, so that it seemed as if it was high time that the words of the Lord should come to pass. The collective Hindu mind losing hold of its normal plane of life and activity and rift asunder by a thousand contending and inharmonious forces, was shaken to its very bottom and the effect was the upheaval of a mighty wave of yearning for regaining its lost position, its broken up harmony and strength.

And what was the result ? —There was found an illiterate Brahman in the vicinity of the capital of the Empire, in the humiliating position of a temple-pujari of one of the low caste families in Bengal, standing in glaring contrast with the proud flush of education, position and caste of the day. Somehow or other men of the highest castes, -education and position were fascinated with him and slowly a little band of devoted men grew around him,—one of whom at least is regarded at the present day as one of the darling boys of the mother-land. The uneducated and humble man not only had the traditional spirit of toleration of the Hindu race, but he boldly went in search of truth even beyond it,— *by active sympathy with all religions and sects*. All forms of belief were true and all sects had their purpose in life, taught he, and thus laid the axe successfully at the root of sectarianism and hatred. His whole life was a monumental evidence of the spiritual nature of man, and a burning example of the complete subjugation of matter by spirit. What the sense world is to the ordinary man, the realm of spirit was to him,— is the testimony of hundreds who had seen him. The Veda was once more proved. His fleshly organism grew, or was from the beginning, so minutely and completely adapted to the moral and spiritual state of things that no organism in the physical world could be compared with it in perfection of fitness and



adaptation to its surroundings. The sense of touch would leave him directly as a piece of metal was placed in contact with his skin,—so intensely was his spiritual sensitiveness developed in regard to the object which serves as one of the strongest links in the chain of Maya. Then, he would not be able,—i. e., his hand would get paralysed at the attempt to touch a thing placed before him but which was really meant for another, or which was handled by a person of impure mind. He could not gather or lay by, and if anything was fastened to his clothes, without his knowledge, he would be unable to come away from the place but would turn round and round about the extremities of the compound until it was taken away. Strange instances of the development of this unique consciousness, pointing unmistakably to the perfect adaptation of his flesh to spiritual conditions might be multiplied but this will suffice for our present purpose.—( *To be continued.* )

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## SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

The Swami Abhedananda, a cultivated Sanyasin monk from India, is one of the lecturers in the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion, which holds its sessions under the beautiful Lysekloster Pines at Greenacre, and there he delivers a course of addresses on the “Vedanta Philosophy and Religions of India.” He is also included in the general lecture course, and to him was assigned the above topic, which he has just spoken upon. As this was the first time he had spoken at Greenacre, in his opening sentence he alluded to the broad platform which had been established here, from which he and representatives of other forms of religious faith could freely speak, and set before the people what of truth had been discovered, and assist others to appreciate the important fact that truth is not found in one system of religious or philosophic thought alone, but in many. At such a place, it was permitted to show to the world how harmony was found among the followers or members of widely differing sects, creeds and denominations. The unity of faith could be achieved not by finding fault with or condemning others, but by being ready to accept what others had to give, and exchanging good will and blessing all round. The tendency of human thought was becoming more and more like the course of the rivers which take their rise in different mountains, but finally flow towards and lose themselves in the one great ocean and become united there. There were those who still believed that religion, science and philosophy were opposed to each other, and consequently they

were inclined to quarrel and fight over petty distinctions in their opinions. In the Western World there were two great tendencies arrayed in opposition and injuring each other. One was the tendency to decry religion, because it was not in harmony with science; the other tendency was the harmonizing of religion and science.

By those who decry religion it was maintained that the object of religion was not to find out the truth or to explain the phenomena of the universe. It had been a failure because it taught the existence of a being who was extra cosmic; who was the creator and governor of the universe, and that the universe had been created out of nothing. This doctrine or belief had been rejected by modern science; consequently those who found fault with religion, and did not see the harmony that existed between religion and science said: "What was the good of such crude theological explanations and what benefit could be derived from the acceptance of such ideas as made men superstitious, narrow and bigoted?" They declared that they found better explanations in science, therefore men should follow science and neglect religion, for its truths were unnecessary and useless. They insisted that man could not know God if he existed, neither could they know the nature of the soul if it exist. Further, it were impossible to know the relation between the soul and God, therefore religion was impracticable and absurd; yet in the same breath they asked men to take to the study of ethics, to do good in the world and to be moral.

But the question arose: Why should we do good in the world? Why should men be moral? In answering such questions various reasons and arguments were advanced, one of which was that men should be moral for the sake of posterity, that those who come after might be virtuous and moral. But such arguments failed to satisfy the rationalistic mind, which urged that its own pleasure and happiness were of greater consideration than the welfare of posterity. In reply to such a reason it should be declared that pleasure and happiness should be sought for in seeking the happiness and good of others.

There was another class of people who sought to harmonize religion and science. To attain that end some tried one way, some another. In dealing with scripture some gave hidden meanings to passages which they did not possess; others endeavored to stretch the meanings of certain texts so as to make them harmonize with the teachings of modern science, but such persons rarely, if ever, knew just where they stood in these matters. These were the people who believed that the earth was created out of nothing in six days; but science taught the truths and processes of evolution. Some men tried to prove that the Bible taught evolution too. How did they proceed? They declared that the six days of creation were six cycles or six ages of evolution; and so with the rest of scripture. They regarded most texts as if they were elastic bands that would bear indefinite stretching, forgetting that such bands had a limit to their elasticity; and so it were impossible to stretch six days into six cycles.

Some tried to build up a religious system by accepting only certain portions of scripture and rejecting the rest. When it came to studying the life and work of Jesus,



their understanding of his acts of healing without applying medicine or any external means, some people considered that should determine the character of their religion. But it should be remembered that there were those in the world who could and did heal disease without the application of any remedy, as did Jesus, and yet such persons were not so highly spiritual as were Jesus and his disciples. So the possession and exercise of such powers had no connection with religion. These powers were known to be possessed by people in India long before the time of Jesus, and men exercising the powers of healing may be found among races of men who never heard the name of Jesus.

From time to time sects and parties had originated in various parts of the world, the members of which had tried to give a scientific basis to religion. Such as these believed in the ultimate conclusions of modern science; they accepted them as true, but they did not know how to harmonize them with metaphysics or religion. To a greater or less extent some had succeeded, while others regarded it as impossible to base religion on science, philosophy, metaphysics or logic. Religion which made men narrow and bigoted was not needed in the world any more. No religion at all were better than that, and science were more useful. The question with many was: Is a scientific religion impossible? Some thought it was. Among advanced thinkers, theories were now being put forward about a universal religion which would harmonize all existing sects, creeds and denominations, and it is at last being discovered that there can be a common basis for both religion and science.

Herbert Spencer had said that the most abstract truth contained in religion and that contained in science should be made to harmonize. To bring them to be regarded from the same point of view and made useful should deserve the best effort to accomplish. Such abstract truth should not be the particular phase of truth discovered by a particular branch of science or by a particular sect or creed, but it must be one which has a common point, where all the different branches of truth meet and is common to all sects and creeds. If such truth can be found as the basis of religion, then there will be harmony between science and religion. Attempts at a true solution of this great problem had been made from time to time by the great thinkers of different nations. To some extent they had succeeded, and the world had been helped. The subject continued to agitate men's mind, and the solution was still being sought by the best men of the age. It should be remembered that truth is the basis of religion, as it is of science. There was, then, unity between the two, as there was a unity in all existence and when men fully realize that great truth, then they would become one with the race, one with Jesus and the great prophets of all ages and races of mankind.—Boston Evening Transcript.

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'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us.—Addison.